

And Back to Regret

by mirror-cannibal

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Summary: Short Shizaya one-shot. When Izaya finally succeeds, what's finally revealed a little too late? How do they both really feel, and what will Izaya regret for the rest of his life?

And Back to Regret

\*\*Shizaya is my life, so I just wanted to write another one-shot with them, since one-shots are all I can write well xD Please review!\*\*

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><p>"I did it!" Izaya laughed loudly, swinging his arms around like a child. He stood up, over the body of Shizuo. A few seconds earlier he had seen the slight opening, a slight mistake, just enough for him to stab his knife through and feel that final sense of achievement as it sliced through skin and muscle. Shizuo stared up at him, his eyes twitching, hands trembling, trying to reach the knife that stuck out of his throat.<p>

"I've finally beaten you, monster! Ahahahahahaaaa!" Izaya spun around, laughing as Shizuo bled out. Their fight had carried them to the roof, where Shizuo's crimson blood was now spreading across the metal top. The sun, blindingly bright just moments before, seemed dimmer now.

"Iâ€|zaâ€|yaâ€|" Shizuo struggled to rasp out every syllable.

"You can't talk!" Izaya giggled. "You're dying, Shizu-chan! Do you really want my name to be your last word?"

"Someâ€|thingâ€|"

"Eh?" Izaya put a hand to his ear mockingly. "What's that, Shizu-chan?"

"Youâ€|needâ€|toâ€|knowâ€|"

"What could I possibly need to know from you, Shizu-chan? Heh," Izaya snorted, "You do know what I get paid for, right? Well, go on. Knock yourself out. Tell me whatever this important thing is before you die."

"Iâ€|youâ€|"

"You what?"

"Iâ€|loveâ€|youâ€|"

Izaya was silent for a few moments. He looked back at Shizuo, all laughter and joy gone from his face. "I was wondering when you'd say it," he spoke, his voice low. "Who'd have thought it'd have come to this, eh?"

Shizuo blinked tears out of his eyes, his breath gurgling in his throat as his blood welled up around the knife.

"I never really wanted to kill you. You know that, right, Shizu-chan?"

Shizuo managed a slight smile, blood speckling on his lips with every wet exhale. "Iâ€|knowâ€|" he coughed out. "Meâ€|neither."

"We just had to. I couldn't allow you to live, and you couldn't allow me to kill you. But, now none of that matters. It's done. But, you know what?" Izaya smiled down at Shizuo, but this time it was a sad smile. "I think I finally understand what regret is."

Izaya dropped to his knees beside Shizuo, putting a hand on his head. Shizuo's blood soaked into Izaya's pants as he fondled his blonde hair. "I'm sorry it had to come to this, Shizu-chan. I really am this time."

Shizuo couldn't talk anymore, but there was a clear message in his moist eyes. His cheeks were streaked with tears and he struggled with every breath. Izaya smiled down at him regretfully and, putting his other hand on Shizuo's shoulder, leaned down and touched his lips to his forehead.

"I'm going to miss you, Shizu-chan. We had a great time together. I don't know what I'm going to do without you, honestly."

He wiped Shizuo's tears with his thumb, leaning down again to kiss his lips, ignoring the metallic taste of blood. The gurgling and wheezing of Shizuo's breathing finally stopped. Izaya sat up, stroking Shizuo's face. "I truly am going to miss you. But I did what I had to do."

Izaya stood up, but immediately fell to his knees again. "Look at what you did, Shizu-chan," he laughed, but there were tears on his cheeks. "You've got my knees shaking!"

He stood up again, placed one trembling foot in front of the other, but fell once more. He suddenly started laughing, rolling over onto his back as Shizuo's blood soaked into his black clothes. Soon his laughter was mixed with sobs, then all he could do was cry.

Izaya put an arm over his eyes, blocking the sight of the setting sun, and possibly the sight of his own anguish. But he couldn't hide it from himself, and that was all that really mattered. He grit his teeth as tears poured down his cheeks, the fingers of his other hand twitching uncontrollably in the pool of crimson beneath him.

"I'm sorry," he sobbed. The sun that night set on the strange sight, maybe even stranger than it had ever seen from the city of Ikebukuro. Violence, hatred, love, sadness, and the forever-there feeling of regret, that thickened the air around the rooftop. That feeling would follow Orihara Izaya for the rest of his life, however long he decided to extend it. But something that night, whether it was the regret, or something deeper that no one could ever hope to understand—the sun definitely wouldn't be seeing that particular man the next morning.

End  
file.